THE

WEEKLY REVIEW,

AND

DRAMATIC CRITIC.

CONTENTS.

Green-Room Gossip, . . .	*Page*	14
London Amusements, ...		ib.
Dissipation and its Cures, . . .		15
Edinburgh Amusements—		
Adelphi Theatre, ...		17
Notice to Correspondents, . . .		20
Sam Cowell's Collection of Comic Songs—		
"Cinderella"—(*concluded.*)		
"Lord Lovel"—(*to be continued.*)		
Jeanette and Jeannot—(*to be continued.*)		

Price 1½d.

EDINBURGH:

H. ROBINSON, 11 GREENSIDE STREET.

GLASGOW: LOVE, NELSON STREET; AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

Green-Room Gossip.

Mr and Mrs WYNDHAM entertained a large party at dinner on Saturday last. The company embraced the more distinguished members of the stage in town, as well as a number of private friends.

We hear that Mr FREDERICK LLOYD, son of the late Manager of the Theatre-Royal, here, opens in Hawick shortly, with a splendid company. We wish him every success; and if talent as an actor, and private worth, can gain it, he is sure to succeed. Report says he opens with the drama of *Belphegor*.

T. P. COOKE, the celebrated delineator of sailors, goes to the Royal, here.

Miss ISAACS goes for a fortnight, in winter, to the Royal, here.

WYNDHAM is engaging a splendid company for the winter season.

ROBSON, the low comedian, of the Theatre-Royal, Dublin, goes to America shortly.

DUVAL, the Manager of the Theatre-Royal, Hull, has failed, and the Theatre is closed.

Mr EDMUND GLOVER, Lessee and Manager of the Prince's and Royal Theatres, Glasgow, opens the latter in October, with a company of acknowledged talent.

Mrs C. F. MARSHALL, wife of the talented actor of that name, now with Mr E. GLOVER, has taken the Queen's Theatre, Glasgow, which she will open in the winter.

The new drama at the Adelphi, London, has made a great hit.

PABLO FANQUE, Lessee of the Amphitheatre, here, opens in the winter with a dramatic and equestrian company.

DAVENPORT goes to the Haymarket, London, in a short time.

PLANCHE is writing a new burlesque for the Lyceum, London.

The Queen's, in Manchester, will open shortly, under a new management.

Miss JULIET POWER, the talented *dansuese*, late of the Theatre-Royal here, is engaged at the Theatre-Royal, Newcastle.

We hear Miss ARDEN, the talented actress, is about to be married to Mr Butler Wentworth. We wish her happiness.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS, &c.

Mr BUCKSTONE will be Lessee of the Haymarket, Mr Webster having withdrawn from that establishment to confine himself entirely to the Adelphi. The committee of Drury Lane have sent for Mr Webster, and invited him to manage for them, or take for himself, that "National Theatre," which has proved so disastrous to others.

Mr George Forman, for many years past a favourite comedian at the Victoria Theatre, has breathed his last. Deceased was about forty years of age.

SHAKSPEARE CONCERT HALL, BELFAST.—This place of amusement, which has been recently beautifully redecorated by a Parisian artist, continues well attended. Mr Macarthy, the delineator of Irish character, and Miss Marian Macarthy, made their first appearances on Monday night, and were well received.

WEEKLY REVIEW,

&c. &c.

No. 2.] FRIDAY, SEPT. 3, 1852. [Price 1½d.

DISSIPATION AND ITS CURES.

THE drinking habits of the Scotch have been exaggerated by the over-zealous advocates of tee-totalism. The statistics—in reference to distillation—are confessedly wrong, in so far as they have been adduced as indicative of the drunkenness of the people—for it is well known that enormous quantities of whisky find their way to England, there to be converted into gin. Still, it must be admitted that dissipation prevails to a lamentable extent among the working and lower classes; and some strong effort ought, no doubt, to be made to win the people from their habits. We are at the same time, far from desiring that all conviviality should be banished from amongst us. The naturally reserved and grave demeanour of our countrymen would be insufferable but for the occasional unbending, and awakening of the kindlier feelings, over the steaming bowl or tumbler of genuine "mountain dew." It is moderation, not entire abstinence, that we desire; and the one may be attained, while the other is impossible. The upper classes, at least some of them, by way of setting an example, carry the matter too far. The ancient hospitality of the hall is "banished out of doors"—and you may call a thousand times—after walking considerable distances, too—without being once invited to partake. This is what they call inculcating sobriety—*abstinence* rather—amongst the lower classes. But it comes with an unsavoury grace from parties who themselves enjoy the good things of life, and revel nightly in their sumptuous entertainments. The desired reformation is not to be accomplished by such means. Nor yet is it by shutting up the taverns at a given hour during the week, and wholly on Sundays. What has been the result of this compulsory system in Edinburgh? It has had no effect whatever on the really dissipated. It merely changes the scene of their dissipation. If driven from one tavern, they remove to another, more favoured by the unequal law in

operation, or into unlicensed dives, where the police act cannot reach them. In place of curing the evil, it is positively increasing it—carrying the poison into homes and circles which might otherwise have remained comparatively pure. How can it be otherwise? It is well known that our civic rulers—bailies, councillors, commissioners, &c.—are not themselves abstainers. Their rubicund countenances, in not a few instances, proclaim the fact; and their convivial bouts are not always over by eleven o'clock! but they can sit in their own parlours, or in the higher and privilegd grade of public houses, no one daring to interfere with their enjoyments. The working man, therefore—whose parlour is the tavern, and where he alone can see company—justly regards the closing act, which turns him to the street at the very moment he is most reluctant to break up the few friendly interchanges of feeling that occur to him, as an unjust and tyrannical infringement of his personal rights—an interference with the liberty of the subject, altogether foreign to the constitution of this *once free* country, and he naturally seeks to counteract it—to pursue his pleasures in defiance of it. Akin to such a measure is the shutting of taverns throughout the entire of Sunday. This has been accomplished by a *recommendation* of the magistrates, tantamount to a threat to deprive the recussant of his licence. Our *Civic Wisdom* never took it into its sapient head that there was such a burgh as the Canongate, so closely adjacent, and over which they have no control. The result has been, that while people from the country, in numerous cases, remain without a refreshment, the tide of dissipation has only to cross St Mary's Wynd, and there the public houses stand more numerously and widely open than they were ever known to do before. It may be said that the magistrates of Canongate should follow the example of our city *Wisdom*. But they are more consistent, and have a greater respect for the liberty of the subject than to do so. But a social reformation, we say, is not to be produced by such partial and compulsory measures. No: the people must be weaned from their dissipated habits by influences of another description. We must reserve our remarks upon this point, however, till next number, as we find our space is limited.

Edinburgh Amusements.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

On Friday night last, the musical romance of *Kate Kearney* was repeated as the introductory piece, followed as an interlude, by the *Beggar's Opera*, the character of *Polly Peachem* by Miss Isaacs. Seldom has it been our fortune to witness so unique a performance. We cannot speak too highly of Miss Isaacs' *Polly*, though there is usually a leaning in favour of first impressions, in such standard plays as the *Beggar's Opera*. She certainly outshone them all. Nor can we pass over in silence the performance of *Captain Macheath*, by Mr Eburne, *Peachem*, by Mr Barry, *Filch*, by Mr Saker, *Crookfingered Jack*, by Mr Glover, *Lucy Locket*, by Miss Parker, &c. The national drama of *Wallace* closed the evening's amusements. No man could do more for the character of *Wallace* than Mr Davenport, still there has not yet been written a drama that can be called worthy of the champion of Scottish liberty. It is a proof of the good sense of Burns that he crushed in the bud his attempt to dramatise the history of the hero. He felt that even *his* genius was incapable of the flight. The real history of Wallace, regarding whom it is deeply to be regretted that so few facts have been preserved, has become so blended with the high imaginings of his countrymen, that no satisfactory portraiture of the man can ever be drawn ; and though such dramas as bear his name may command at all times respect, they will always be regarded as failures.

Saturday evening was for the benefit of Miss Isaacs, and such a benefit! The house was literally crammed—built up and wedged like paving-stones. The programme embraced the *Highland Reel*, the last scene of *Sonnambula*, and *Rob Roy*. The latter proved to be the great attraction. The *dramatis personæ* was beautifully cast. *Rob Roy*, by Mr Davenport, *Rashleigh*, by Mr Wyndham, *Francis*, by Mr Eburne, the *Bailie*, by Mr G. Webster, the *Dougal Creature*, by Mr Mungall, *Helen Macgregor*, by Mrs Wyndham, who performed the part in the most effective manner. At the close of the entertainment the house was literally wild in its demonstrations of applause, not being satisfied till nearly the whole of the performers were summoned before the curtain to receive their well-merited meed of praise. We cannot omit noticing that the scenery, in connection with the drama, was got up with great artistic skill, and in every respect appropriate. We could not but admire Loch Catrine by moonlight, and the new and effective mode of representing, by means of reflected light and shade, the ripple on the water.

On Monday evening Mr Saker took his benefit, and, we are proud to say, another roaring bumper occurred. The programme was an enticing one, the three principal performances being *Holyrood, or the Death of Rizzio*, the *Secret, or the Hole in the Wall*, and *Martin Chuzzlewit*, with various entertainments between. The part of *Mary*, Queen of Scots, was enacted by Miss Mary Hill, and so well did she look the character, that one might have supposed the portrait of Mary had

come down from the walls of Holyrood, and assumed fleshly shape and form for the nonce. One half-inch, or so, added to her height, and, perhaps, a little more of queenly bearing, would have completed the picture of the beauteous Mary; and this is not saying a little for Miss Hill! Historical plays are amongst the severest tests of the stage. There is a standard—as realities—which must be approached, otherwise failure is certain. The drama of *Holyrood* is highly creditable to the author, if we except, perhaps, the character of Darnley. History scarcely warrants us in fancying the King Consort such a ridiculous ninny as he is made to appear. The *Earl of Ruthven*, however, in the hands of Mr Davenport, was at once perfect in conception, and admirably produced. So was *Lady Catherine*, his daughter, by Miss Vining—a lady of strong intellect and great tragic power. As *David Rizzio*, Mr Wyndham altogether surprised us—dignifying the "Italian Fiddler," as he was called by the nobles of the Court, with a character which might well gain the esteem even of a Queen, especially such a warm-hearted and chivalrous Queen as Mary was. In *The Hole in the Wall*, Mr Saker, as *Thomas*, kept the house in roars of laughter. Though, in such characters, he has to sustain a contrast with the late inimitable Murray, still he does not suffer by it—the *styles* being very dissimilar. At his stage of the entertainment, Mr Saker delivered the following ADDRESS, written for the occasion by Mr W. H. Eburne :—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,
"In these bold days of sentiment and rhyme,
When telegraphs, (electric) outrun time—
When nought but master minds do tread the stage,
And 'farewell speeches,' too, are all the rage—
When poets, painters, actors, railroads, fashion,
Be-paint and fume, and blaze their fame to dash on—
I hope a little gentle, modest jingle
Won't be deemed outrageous—while I mingle
All my regrets, my pleasures, rights or wrong,
And like a *Sappho*, pour them out in song.
Now, though you're apt to laugh, *Sans* rein or check,
When I'd explain, 'haul up the quarter deck;'
Or when in sack I 'neath the table cower,
And come out, face and smalls bedeck'd with flour,
Pray, for this once, suppress the risible,
That I my *sentiment* may render visible.
A 'public farewell's' such a serious thing,
That e'en to *low comedians* tears might bring:
'Then farewell my trim built wherry,'—I mean,
Farewell my *friends*, for kind friends you have been.
Since first before you, now some years removed, x
In 'An Alarming Sacrifice' I appeared,
And here's the bargain that your hands have reared.
Your smiles, your kindnesses I can ne'er forget,
But treasure it within—a sacred debt—
A debt that only gratitude can pay—
A debt of friendship—one of memory;

x Must there be boards to walk upon approved

For here a proud position I have gained,
Where I'd have loved forever to have reigned.
But echoes of your judgment reached the town—
The invite's from there—the signal was your own.
Then how can I by simple words express
How much I feel my present happiness?
Still as my gratitude is thus poetic
I hope you'll trust me if I *look* pathetic;
But if I don't, my smile is only pleasure,
Like the famed pearl gracing the Indian treasure—
Or dew upon the rose which gently rears
Its head in smiles bedew'd in beauty's tears.
Long speeches, like long credit, never please;
And therefore fearing that my words may teaze,
I'll draw my tirade to a quick conclusion,
And crave your pardon for my blunt effusion.
As oft upon the wreck you've heard me say,
'Has no one a stale crust to give away;'
At some time hence to visit you I trust—
I know *you'll* not refuse '*poor Sam*' a crust.
Again I thank you, honestly and true,
For all the lenity I've met from you.
For your kind smiles have led me gently o'er
The modest path from which I upward soar.
I'll run for fortune—if I overtake her,
I'm yours and hers, most grateful, thankful, SAKER."

During the delivery of the foregoing, Mr Saker was repeatedly and enthusiastically applauded. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, notwithstanding the celebrity of Dickens, and the combined talent of an able *corps dramatique*, dragged heavily its slow length along. It ought never to have been dramatized. It is by far too diffuse, in character and plot, for the stage. It wants point, it wants effect, it wants every thing, in short, necessary to constitute a popular drama. Though abounding with humour, and happy strokes of wit, yet, as in all Dicken's writings, his sprightliness lies more in words than action. There is a hazy, dreamy inactivity about them, which, however pleasing and readable at the "home circle," has no telling power upon the audience of a theatre. During the evening, we must not forget to mention, "a gentleman of Edinburgh" sang *Lord Lovel* in imitation of the inimitable SAM COWELL, and, to our astonishment, succeeded so well as to be encored by the audience. The "Carnival of Venice" was played as a solo on the violin, by MR F. HANSON, in a style of perfection which might well challenge the ghost of the great Paganini himself. Mr Hanson was rapturously encored. This gentleman certainly deserves a higher name in the musical world than, so far as we are aware, he yet possesses.

On Wednesday evening we had *The Two Drovers*, *The Little Nun*, a musical comedy by Mr H. T. Craven, and *Black-Eyed Susan*. The interlude went of with great eclat, the author himself, Mr Craven, enacting the part of Captain Latimer, which he did to perfection. *Adela*, a novice, was performed in a very superior manner by Miss

Nelson, an excellent actress, and one of our sweetest vocalists. Mr Craven and Miss Nelson were well supported by Mr Barry, who is always at home in his parts, and Mr Mungall, who has certainly a talent quite his own for peculiar characters; and by Mrs Josephs, Mrs Newton, and Miss J. Cooke, the abbess and sisters of the convent. The comedy is intended as a satire on the sisterhood, and is altogether an admirable burlesque. "Black-Eyed Susan" is always a favourite, especially with such a *William* as Mr Davenport. Mr Barry was the reality of *Doggrass*, while Mr H. Webb, as *Gnatbrain*, and Mr Mungall, as *Jacob Twigg*, kept the house in roars of laughter. Miss Hill played *Susan* admirably.

Between the pieces, the whole company, presenting a splendid *tableau*, sung the "Queen's Anthem," in honour of her Majesty's visit to Holyrood, where she remained for the night. The applause of the audience was enthusiastic.

Wednesday evening, *Holyrood, or the Death of Rizzio*, and *The Little Nun* were repeated—the performances closing with the *Warlock of the Glen*.

Last night *Rob Roy* was repeated, followed by the nautical drama of *My Poll and my Partner Joe*.

On Tuesday night an entertainment was given in the Waterloo Rooms, under the management, we understand, of Mr J. Parson, which was well attended. The programme displayed a goodly list of performers—singers and dancers—amongst the former of whom Miss Mein and Mr Cameron deserve to be noticed. The entertainment concluded with a scene from the drama of *Rob Roy* (Mr Parson appearing in that character), which was well performed.

Moffat.—Mr Ebsworth, from Edinburgh, gave an entertainment here this evening, (Monday 30th.) Notwithstanding the incessant rain, the room was filled with an audience of the first respectability.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We observe that Mr Davenport and Miss Vining take a joint benefit to-morrow evening, which is the last of their present engagement. We need scarcely express a hope that the house will be a bumper, for there can be no doubt that it will. Mr Davenport and Miss Vining stand too high in the estimation of the public of Edinburgh not to experience their gratitude in the shape of an overflowing house.

The Amphitheatre, Nicolson Street, continues open, but we have not had an opportunity of visiting it. On Tuesday night, a Grand Competition of Pipers was announced, in honour of the Queen's visit to Holyrood.

The Theatre-Royal opens to-morrow night. We shall give a full account of it in our next.

PRINTED BY J. AND W. PATERSON, 90 SOUTH BRIDGE.